

Movie Nights with Trashmouth by ifyoucouldholdme

Category: IT (1990), IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Adorable, Adorkable, Awkward Boners, Awkward Dates, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Cult movies, First Dates, Friends to Lovers, Gay Bill Denbrough, Inappropriate Erections, Love Confessions, M/M, Movie Night, Richie Tozier Flirts, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, horror movies

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urus

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-07-21

Updated: 2019-11-29

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:12:19

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,106

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Bill Denbrough, the horror connoisseur, and Richie Tozier, the B-Movie fanatic, start a new something between them over movie nights and their favorite movie rental store.

1. Chapter 1

Bill couldn't believe his eyes as Richie led him through the maze of DVDs. The whole scenario was oddly an experience out of time. His friend had dragged him halfway across town to a still running video rental store, probably the last of its kind as far as Derry was concerned. "You gotta see this place!" Richie had crowed, "They've got movies you can't find anywhere else."

The shelves upon shelves proved him right. Bill wanted to carefully scan through each title, making a mental list of which to rent first. He passed period dramas, sci-fi epics, films from around the globe. "R-Richie, w-wait up. I'd l-like to actually look at s-some of these," he whined. Richie kept pulling him forward.

"You can see those later, Big Bill," he chided, "I've got something that'll give you a raging cinema boner. Hell, it'll probably give you a real boner."

"C-can you p-p-please stop t-talking about m-my dick?!" Bill sputtered.

"Whatever blows your skirt up, sweetheart. Just be glad you didn't wear gym shorts today." He sent a salacious wink, sending such a heart burning through Bill's gut that he was indeed relieved he wore his rigid jeans instead of his flimsy shorts after all. If only Richie knew that his jokes were a bit too accurate. Bill pined as he watched the goofball's dangling curls bounce as he skipped through the store. Ok, maybe he was also entranced by the bounce of Richie's perfectly rounded bubble butt too.

Before they rounded the next corner, he suddenly turned and shoved his hand against Bill's chest to stop him. "Alright, Billiam," he whispered into the now blushing boy's ear. The warmth of Richie's bony palm spread through his chest and mixed with the chills from the trashmouth's breath dancing across his ear sent Bill into a paralyzed stupor. Yes, Richie was a touchy-feely person, but this felt different. This felt intimate and intentional. This awkward, brash, and gangly boy that haunted his nighttime fantasies was now mere inches from his wide-eyed face. Bill instinctively leaned forward, gradually closing the gap between—

"Around this corner is the most beautiful sight you'll ever see, aside from my precious dimpled smile, of course. Like, for real Bill, you're gonna cream your jeans. I know I sure as hell did the first time I saw

it.”

“B-b-beep, R-r-r-r—” the poor frazzled boy tried, but Richie had already disappeared into the next room. The mere thought of his friend climaxing looped through his head taunting him as Bill tried in vain to cover his now full-blown erection and hobbled through the archway.

His shame was forgotten, however, when he laid eyes on the room before him. Each wall was lined in hundreds of bizarre and terrifying titles and box art. He recognized classics of horror like the Exorcist as well as some just plain weird movies, Meet the Feebles being one he was embarrassed to admit he somewhat enjoyed. Some shelves were alphabetized, others were categorized by director or subgenre. Stylized posters plastered the remaining spaces just beneath the ceiling, their artistry mesmerizing him. Above it all shone a neon marquee that simply read, “Cult Corner.”

“Welcome to paradise, Billy-Boy!” Richie beamed with arms raised in a grand gesture.

“Holy s-s-shit!” Bill proclaimed a bit louder than intended. “They’ve g-got everything.”

“Right?” With that, he eagerly led Bill around the room in his worst tour guide impersonation. “Thank you for choosing Tozier Tours Unlimited. We’re glad to have you aboard this afternoon. If you look out the window to your left, you’ll find the world’s largest collection of the spinetingling, the hair raising, and the grotesquely gory. But please, ladies and gentlemen, keep your hands and feet inside the vehicle at all times. There’s lots more to see.”

Bill chuckled despite himself. As often as he wanted to strangle the brash jokester for taking a laugh one step too far, he no less than adored Richie. Underneath that layer of jovial frivolity was a sweet boy just as lonely and as unsure as he was. If he ever needed a true friend or someone to listen to his uncertainties, Richie always did whatever necessary to help him, albeit with a few chucks thrown in to keep the mood from turning too sour. It also didn’t hurt that Richie’s smile did in fact give him the most adorable dimples.

Thankfully he didn’t notice Bill’s infatuated stares as he continued. “To your right you will see the weird, the bizarre, the flat-out what-the-fuckery of the aisle of cult movies. We got your Rocky Horror, your Pink Flamingoes. You want blood, guts, quips, and tits? There’s a little something here for everyone!” he crooned gradually sounding more and more like a carnival barker.

Bill felt lightheaded, overwhelmed by such a collection to choose from. "I d-don't even know w-where to start."

"Well then, monsieur Denbrough," Richie switched again, this time to what he called his Frenchie Dressing voice, "allow moi to direct vous to la piece du resistance."

"Alright, M-Marcel, c-chill. You only w-went to Q-Quebec for a w-weekend," he teased, but the smirk flew off his face when Richie bent over, sticking his glorious ass in the air as if presenting it for Bill's approval. Bill absentmindedly reached out a hand, just to 'accidentally' brush the enthralling derriere, then, remembering his tightening pants, snapped his hand back to cover himself. Once again, Richie seemed not to notice. He was more concerned with the DVD cases he thrust towards Bill. The shaking redheaded boy blankly gazed at the covers, glad for any distraction from his embarrassing issue. At first, he was confused. The boxes were adorned with several men and women in unusual poses.

"These," Richie whispered in a curiously huskier tone, his face instantly as close to Bill's as before, "are for extra special movie nights." The pieces finally fell together in Bill's mind.

"This is p-p-p-p—"

"The word you're looking for is 'porn', Big Bill," Richie winked. Crimson flooded over Bill's cheeks. This pushed his tension over the edge, and he sputtered and shivered with embarrassment. The frenzy subsided a touch as Richie placed a reassuring grip on his shoulder. "Whoa there, Sister Mary Agnes. I'm putting them back. Nothing to get all antsy about, it's just some dicks and tits. We've all got 'em." Bill, slightly calmer, quirked a teasing eyebrow at him. "Well, we've all got one or the other." They gazed at each other for a moment, filled with some unspoken thing felt between them. Then they each burst into a hearty laugh.

"Alright, alright," Richie gasped, "Go ahead and pick a couple out for a date night. It's on me." Bill dropped the cases, letting them clatter against his Converse sneakers. He stared, frozen in place, at Richie who also seemed to notice his choice of words and avoided eye contact himself.

"D-d-d-date n-night?" Bill managed through a clenched throat.

Richie brought a hand to his neck, trying to hide a rosy patch he had sprouted on his cheek. "I mean, yeah, I guess," he said, voice uncharacteristically wavering. "We totally don't have to. It's weird. We can't just get our own movies. Your taste in horror is more on the

classy side anyway, you wouldn't like any of my—"

Bill socked his arm, leaving a nice red mark which would eventually bruise later that day. "B-beep beep, d-d-dumbass." He then worked his fingers through Richie's, noticing the other boy's nervous sweating palm and his own racing pulse. He swallowed his anxiety and excitement as Richie tightened his grip. "D-date night sounds f-f-fun."

"Well," Richie stalled, trying to will away red face. Bill could've sworn that his bottle thick glasses began to steam over. "Let's pick out some flicks then. Say, two apiece?"

"S-sounds like a plan." Bill smiled, lost in Richie's warmth and the surprising sweetness of the moment. "R-Rich?"

"Yeah, Big Bill?"

"How d-did you even know I'd b-b-be—"

"Well, you've been staring at my ass like it's a buffet, plus I've been able to see your hardon since we walked in, so I figured I had at least a fifty-fifty shot." Bill punched Richie even harder a second time. Trashmouth just cackled in return.

2. He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not?

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie helps Bill overcome a bout of pre-date anxiety.

“You sure you’re not overthinking this, Bill?”

Bill poked his freckled face out from his closet, the worry he failed to suppress evident on his brow. “I d-don’t know the dress c-code for a first d-d-date, Eddie. I’ve got to make sure I don’t look b-bad.”

Eddie rolled his eyes from his spot at the foot of Bill’s bed. “This is Richie we’re talking about. You know, the guy who wore shorts and flip-flops to homecoming. You could show up wearing a trash bag, and he probably wouldn’t care.” He idly flipped through a well-weathered issue from Bill’s expansive comic collection, as the other boy changed into yet another flannel shirt. The majority of Bill’s clothes lay strewn about his floor, various shirts and jackets thrown off in a flurry of self-conscious second-guessing.

“Is this even a real date? You know how gay his jokes can be. And you’re not exactly out to anyone but me,” Eddie continued, feeling more than a little proud of this fact. “What exactly did he say?”

“He s-said to pick out a m-movie for d-d-date n-night.”

Eddie narrowed his eyes in thought, trying to interpret any possible subtext. “That may have just meant hanging out. ‘Date Night’ isn’t necessarily romantic. I mean, it’s kinda like having a girl’s night but with just you and Richie.”

Bill paused halfway through trying on a suffocating wool sweater he only grabbed as a last resort. “S-so you’re saying R-Richie doesn’t w-want to g-go out with m-m-m-me?” he mumbled dejectedly through the itching fabric.

“Maybe he does. I just don’t want you to get hurt in case he said it as a joke.” Eddie regretted voicing his apprehension upon seeing the nervous excitement drain from Bill’s eyes. “But I could be wrong,” he hastily backpaddled, “Who knows, the idiot might be madly in love with you.”

“M-m-maybe...” Bill sighed. He struggled out of the horrendous sweater and folded it neatly. The stupid thing was uncomfortable anyway. The younger boy felt his stomach clench as he watched his sullen best friend begin to clean the mountain of rejected outfits he

had amassed. Determined to bring back the smitten boy he had spent the day talking back down to Earth, he shuffled off the bed and pushed past Bill deep into the closet.

“E-Eddie, what are y-you—”

“Put these on.” Eddie thrust a nice pair of maroon shorts into Bill’s fumbling hands. “Richie’s always going on about guys in shorts, so these should do the trick. You should pair it with something casual but not too careless. How about this?” He rifled through the row of hangars, settling on a soft teal polo. “If I know Richie, just show off your legs and maybe undo the top button of your shirt and that should be enough to titillate him. But don’t show too much skin. You don’t want to deal with any awkward boners or anything.”

“G-God, not this t-time,” Bill muttered under his breath.

“This time?!” Eddie blared. Bill looked up to find Eddie who was usually a little timid and twitchy, but now his eyes looked the size of startled tea saucers. “What do you mean ‘this time’?”

Bill tried to avoid the consequences of his treacherous tongue and continued cleaning his mess, feigning ignorance. “W-what are you talking about, E-Eddie? I d-d-didn’t—”

“You’re really bad at lying, Bill.” Eddie’s gaze tore straight through Bill’s deflection. “You said ‘not this time,’ which means that there already has been an awkward boner. What’d he do, get turned on in the locker room and trick you into looking at it?”

“No, Eddie p-please—”

“Or, no, I bet he started talking about his disgusting ‘nudie mags,’” he punctuated this with highly exaggerated air quotes, “and got too excited, the friggin’ perv.”

“It wasn’t—”

“Honestly, it’s not anything above average. I don’t know why he keeps going on about it. Stan dared him to streak across the gym last year, and—”

“Richie didn’t get a b-boner, I did!” Bill exploded then immediately turned away, angry with himself for letting the secret out. He expected the usual cacophony of choked sputters that accompanies Eddie learning new and surprising information, followed by the barrage of, “What the fuck? Oh my god, what happened? You know, at our age, our hormones are racing so hard that anything can cause an erection: porn, tight pants, a breeze. It wouldn’t necessarily mean anything. I heard about this guy in Florida who went to the ER because he had a full blown hardon for like six hours, and they

eventually had to drain the blood out of it with a needle!” and a thousand other comments. Instead, Eddie just plopped his ass back on the foot of bills back with a soft, “Oh.”

This reaction terrified Bill. What if Eddie thought he was a creep now? What if he actually was a perverted mess? “T-that b-b-bad, huh?” he cringed. Life immediately sprung back to Eddie’s expression. “No, not at all!” he threw his hands up in a reassuring gesture, “It’s just that, well, I guess I just haven’t really ever thought of you as a sexual person. I mean, I know you like boys and you want a relationship, but I’ve never really thought about...your dick or anything.”

Bill gawked at him. “Uh, t-thanks?” They sat in the uncomfortable silence in excruciating bewilderment. He ran his fingers over the flannel in his hands while Eddie’s knees rapidly bounced.

“So...” the tiny boy whispered, “was...was it because of Richie?”

“Y-yeah...” Silence fell again. Curiosity bubbled up into Bill’s throat. He wanted to know, but then again, would he sound super creepy?

“S-so, um....w-w-what....you saw R-Richie’s d-d-d-d—”

“Oh my god, Bill!” Eddie cackled as he launched a pillow across the room at his blushing friend. “Just get dressed. You don’t want to keep your precious Trashmouth waiting!”

3. I See You Shiver with Anticipation

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie calls in reinforcements to help battle his overwhelming mess of a room and bundle of pre-date jitters.

Even though he tried his best to overcome the mass of clutter he called his room, Richie knew this was too big a job for just one man.

“Bienvenue to Chateau du Awesome,” he attempted in his notorious French voice, but his stressed energy flattened any sound of enthusiasm. He shuffled through the one visible foot path he had managed to clear of dirty band tees and various albums and video games, ushering in a bewildered Beverly and Stan. Bev joined Richie in flopping on the lightly stained bedspread.

“You know, if there was any more junk on the floor, you might qualify as a legit hoarder,” she gently teased. The sulking mop beside her only muffled a weak groan in response. Stan planted himself in the doorway, surveying the chaos around them. “Richie,” he started with a worried grimace, “what’s going on? You didn’t say it was this serious.”

“Yeah,” Bev chuckled, “did you not make the cut to be on one of those ‘clean my house’ shows?” Richie listlessly threw a pillow at the side of her smirking face.

“You don’t get it, Bev,” Stan chided. “I’m not concerned that his room is a mess. This is actually the cleanest I may have ever seen it.” She crinkled her brow, dumbfounded. “Wait, it’s usually *worse* than this?” Another garbled sound from Richie served as confirmation. Stan waded through the mess to stand on his other side. “Really, Bev, when have you ever known Richie to clean up after himself?”

Richie lifted his head to level an unamused glare at his less than tactful best friend. “Gee Staniel, that makes me feel so much better. Ever thought about going into motivational speaking? Like going around to different schools, telling kids how to be only partially

fucked up. You know, that kind of shit.”

“I’d make millions,” Stan deadpanned right back. He awkwardly patting his pile of tangled locks, believing it to be a more comforting gesture than it actually was. “Seriously though, why the sudden rush to clean up? Is your dad getting on your case about it again?”

Richie huffed and rolled off the bed. “No, it’s nothing. Now, are you gonna help me out or just sit there and psycho-therapize me?” Beverly and Stan shared an unconvinced look which Richie tried to ignore in favor of cramming a pile of sneakers under the bed. “Of course we’re going to help,” Stan reassured as he started collecting the multitude of CDs and vinyls into neat stacks. Bev deemed the crumb coated dishes and shredded candy wrappers as the higher priority.” She eyed Richie with the kind of stern glare that a worried mother gives her stubborn child. “But you *will* tell us what’s going on when we’re through.”

The mood swiftly lifted over the next few hours. In between the organizing and the vacuuming, Stan managed to crack enough zingers to bring out Richie’s croak of a cackle. He said just enough to lift his friend’s spirits, no more. He had a reputation to maintain for being the serious one among the Losers after all. Beverly got a little distracted during their feel-good montage moment after they had cleared away all the clutter hiding an old record player on the forgotten desk in the corner. She slapped on an old Misfits album with a mischievous grin. As the music blared to life, she grabbed the boys and started dancing wildly, her auburn waves bouncing in rhythm. The song touched a soft spot within Richie, and soon he was thrashing his head along as well. Stan refused to move.

“Come on, Stanny my boy,” Richie gasped over the guitars, still violently jumping, “be a punk for once in your life!”

“Richie, you know good and well that I’m not going to—oh, what the hell.” Stan untucked his button-up and attempted what he thought of as headbanging. In reality, it looked more like an overenthusiastic orchestra conductor. The others cheered him on, nevertheless.

"That's my boy!" Richie crooned. They continued their homegrown mosh pit in the newly spruced up space until the last song faded into the faint scratching of the needle. Exhausted from tidying and jamming, they collapsed onto the freshly laundered bed. Richie wrapped his arms around their shoulders and held them close to his heaving chest. His mind searched for the words to thank them for helping him today. Without them, the room would be a wreck and he would be in the midst of a minor meltdown. He wanted to express what they did for him, but he didn't know how. Fortunately, there was no need. His friends knew perfectly well.

"Ok, Rich," Stan sighed and wriggled out of the embrace. "We get it. We all love each other, but I don't need to be buried in your sweaty armpit. Besides, I need to get going anyway. I've got a night class at six I shouldn't be late to."

Richie jolted upright almost throwing Beverly off the bed. "It's almost six? Bill's going to be here soon! Shit, I can't let him see me all sweaty and nasty like this." He raced to his cabinet, rifling for a towel and a fresh pair of underwear.

"Wait just a damn minute," Beverly stopped him, her hair a tousled mess from the shove, "you're freaking out about cleaning your room for Bill?" Stan's face also creased in puzzlement at this information.

"What's so special about Bill coming over? You've been friends for years. I hardly think your sweaty ass or messy room would change that." He sniffed and faintly grimaced. "Although he might appreciate a deodorizer or something."

"It's...it's not that Stan. I just...It just has to look nice, ok?" Richie couldn't really explain everything he wanted to. Bill would be there in about twenty minutes, and he still needed to shower and make the popcorn and light some incense or a candle or some air freshener because God knows Stan was right, his room needed it and, shit, was he the smell or—

"Bill's not a neat freak, Richie. You've seen his room. I can't tell you how many times I've had to show him how to fold his laundry," Stan derailed Richie's spiraling anxieties. Thankfully, Bev placed a gently hand on Stan's arm. "I think we should let Richie finish getting

ready,” she hinted.

“But I don’t understand why Bill would—

“Stanley.” Her eyes, sweet yet stern, held him still. Stanley, his brow still knotted in a haze of confusion, reluctantly submitted to Bev’s suggestion.

“Sorry, Rich,” he murmured, “I’ll see you later, then. Have fun with Bill.” The boy gave Beverly one last unsure glance, then made his exit. Bev stayed behind long enough to gather Richie in a farewell embrace. His nerves still trembled with the looming anticipation of his date night coming ever nearer, but her warmth seeped into his veins, comforting him.

“Had fun today, Trashmouth. Next time we want to rock out, let’s do it without the cleaning part.”

“Yeah, sounds good, Marsh,” Richie muttered back. He wanted to let her know how much they had helped him that afternoon. He wanted to tell her how much it meant to him. He wanted to, but all he could muster was a whispered, “Thank you.”

Beverly smiled that sunshine grin and lightly punched his shoulder. “Anytime, Sir Sweats-a-lot.” She left him with his thoughts, almost walking out the door before throwing a sultry smirk behind her. “And good luck with Bill tonight. Just remember to be safe and use protection.” With a knowing wink, she disappeared giggling down the hallway. Richie froze agape, towel in hand, utterly embarrassed as Bill’s ringtone began to sing from his pocket.

4. The Night is Young, and We Haven't Even Gotten Started

Summary for the Chapter:

Bill arrives, and the date night begins.

“Billy boy, Big Bill, Billiam Tell Overture! What’s good, Daddy-O?” the babbling voice incoherently burst from Bill’s phone. He nearly dropped it from the painful shock of Richie’s piercing prattling.

“S-shit, Richie, that was lame even for y-you,” he chuckled through a grimace. Richie groaned through the line, his amateur dramatics on full display. “I expect that kind of attack on my character from our Eds, but not from my dear, sweet Bill.” Heat flushed Bill’s cheeks and swirled in his chest at the pet name. *‘My dear, sweet Bill.’ He called me his.*

“Did I lose you?”

Snap out of it, Denbrough. Play it cool. “S-sorry. B-bad service out here. You r-ready for our m-m-movie night?”

“Uh, yeah. I’m just—” A violent crash cut off his reply.

“R-Richie, are you ok?”

“Yeah,” he groaned, “just setting up the movies.”

“I can’t w-wait to see what you picked.” It was only a half lie. While their taste in genre did overlap, Richie tended to favor “so bad, they’re good” monster flicks or movies he could easily make fun of while showing off their extreme atrocity. Bill preferred films with some degree of artistic merit, even if they wouldn’t widely be loved. This particular viewing deserved a bit more lenience, since Bill would most likely not be giving the television his full attention anyway.

“Oh yeah, I definitely got some epic winners.”

“Some epic w-winners for the L-Losers?” Bill quipped. A choked snort blew through the line, followed by what faintly sounded like rain.

Running water, maybe? “D-do you want me to bring a-anything?”

“Nah, just get your cute buns over here, and let’s start this marathon!” Bill squeaked, and Richie went uncharacteristically quiet. The water noise ran, matching the blood rushing in Bill’s ears. “Uh...” Richie finally muttered. “Popcorn’s burning, gotta go, bye!” The phone clicked, and the sound ended.

What was it Eddie said before? It might not be a romantic date? But Richie just called his “buns” cute. That’s not something you say to just a friend. Heat boiled in his gut and his groin at the thought of Richie’s eyes wandering across his backside. Perhaps even his long, roaming fingers...

Then again, Richie constantly crossed the line into inappropriate territory for the sake of a laugh. He always harassed Eddie with peppered smooches and took every opportunity to pinch Stan’s ass. Then of course he had to dodge the following punches each swung his way. Was he even actually gay? For as long as they had been friends, Bill couldn’t actually remember a time when Richie was in a real relationship. Oh, God, what if Eddie was right and here he is, Bill the fool, wearing his heart on his favorite flannel sleeves. Richie’s not romantically interested in him. Who would be? His just a stuttering mess, and Richie’s probably just bored and lonely.

Bill’s doubtful meandering eventually brought him to Richie’s door. The Toziers both worked odd hours and frequently traveled, so the Losers had long ago learned to let themselves in when expected. Bill’s trembling fingers brushed through the flaking paint on the underside of the weathered porch until they found the spare key Richie ordered specially made for them. Maybe Bill should have just knocked instead. This was, at least in his mind, different than any other hangout after all. Maybe Richie wanted to meet him at the door. Either way, Bill had already passed through into the Tozier’s inviting entryway. *Well, it’s Richie. He won’t mind.*

“H-hey, Rich, I’m h-here,” he called into the house. He’s voice bounced down the halls only accompanied by a faint, staticky noise. Bill didn’t think too much on it, assuming that a commercial or cheesy sitcom distracted Richie for a bit too long. He continued down the hall and opened Richie’s door—decorated with a classy “If the

car's a rockin', don't come a knockin'” sign—to find an immaculately clean bedroom. No pile of dirty socks, no empty soda cans. *Did I walk into the wrong house?* The confusion struck Bill hard enough that he didn't notice when the noise in the background stopped, nor did he hear the thumping or the muttering wandering down the hall. *No, that's Richie's Ramones poster, and that's his bag. But it's so—*

Bill stopped as he finally noticed the uneven footsteps. “R-Richie, since when—” Bill started, turning around to find a sopping wet, stark naked Trashmouth. The dripping boy shrieked.

“Fuck! What?” His hands shot to his crotch to keep at least some of his dignity as he leapt behind the door frame. Bill turned away, overwhelmed by the embarrassment of the situation, but not before catching a full view of the surprisingly smooth ass of which he had so often fantasized. Hell, the ass to which he had so often stroked himself.

“Fuck a duck, Bill! You can't just waltz into a guys room without a warning or something,” Richie's frayed voice ricocheted off the walls. “I could've been— well, shit, I *am* naked. “

“I'm s-s-s-sorry R-R-R-R—” The shock of his crush suddenly appearing in the buff decimated Bill's ability to form any intelligent sound. He sputtered and squeaked as much of an apology as he could muster.

“Alright, Bill. It's ok,” Richie sighed, “No need to short circuit.”

“D-d-d-didn't w-want to b-b-be late,” he managed despite his erratic gasping.

“Just hand me a towel or something, will ya?”

Bill glanced around and spotted a dingy towel neatly folded on the dresser. “You t-t-took a shower witho-out a towel?”

“I forgot, ok? Forgive me for thinking I could walk to my room naked in my own house, you peeping Tom.” The lighthearted humor had found its way back into Richie's voice. Bill barely noticed as he vehemently tried to deny the playful accusation. Amidst his stuttered apologies, Richie grabbed the towel and made a dash for the closet.

Bill pivoted to face the wall, trying to give him some privacy, but the grating temptation of another peek overran his morality. In a sly glance over his shoulder, Bill caught one last glance of his ghostly pale ass disappearing into a pair of black slacks. Richie turned, slipping his arms into his shirt, and Bill flung his face forward hard enough to twist a kink into his neck. His eyes slammed shut. He thought he was caught for sure. Richie would know the dirty thoughts in Bill's mind. He would be disgusted, because of course this wasn't a date-date. He just wanted to watch a movie with his friend. Now he was going to yell, and kick Bill out and never speak to him again and—

“Dude, there's no firing squad. You don't have to stand with your nose to the wall.” Bill turned, astonished that Richie hadn't noticed Bill watching him get dressed. “R-r-right...”

As exhilarating as seeing Richie's bare skin had been, the image of Trashmouth Tozier standing before him in fitted slacks, damp hair, and a forest green dress shirt with the first few buttons undone sent lightning through Bill's entire system like a defibrillator to the heart and the groin. He always found Richie cute, but this...this Richie was fucking hot. *Dammit, Bill. You need to bring your 'A' game.*

“Y-y-your pants don't have a-any holes in them.”

Smooth, Bill.

“Not all my pants are ripped, dude. I *can* dress nice when I want to, you know.” He turned a lazy twirl showing off his outfit. Bill couldn't handle the sensual allure dripping from this usually obnoxiously dressed boy.

“S-s-so why do you w-want to n-now?”

Richie's face burned red, and his eyes drifted anywhere that wasn't Bill. “Well, it's...it's movie night, and I just wanted to...” Bill felt his own cheeks warm and made his way to sit carefully made bed. His fingers traced little patterns along the stitching of the comforter.

“Is that also w-why you cleaned your r-r-room too? For m-movie night?” *Did you do all this for me?*

“Yeah. No big deal,” he answered, attempting to sound nonchalant. “Just figured you’d prefer a place to sit for a few hours that wasn’t covered in moldy socks and pics of Eddie’s mom in lingerie.” Bill feigned an exaggerated gagging noise, which quickly devolved into infatuated laughter. “S-shut up, and let’s s-start the first m-movie already.”

As he watched the boy with the wild hair and the cute backside dig through his bag for their movie rentals, Bill thought to himself about Eddie’s earlier comment. Not only had Richie dressed up for him, which is a rare feat in itself, but he had fixed up his entire room, just for him. Just for Bill. Yeah, Eddie might have been wrong after all. If so, this night could be one of the best nights of his life.